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THE Nation

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March 21, 1953
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The New Soviet Man

by Mark Gayn

Voice of America?

A Fantasy

Chaplin's Censors *William Murray*

Unreflective Warrior *Edward Crankshaw*
A Review of "American-Russian Relations"

Too Much Corn *Bruce Catton*

EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

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Around the U.S.A.

Forty Years in the Black Belt

Canton, Mississippi

I MIGRATED from the North forty years ago and settled in the blackest part of the cotton belt on a cotton plantation operated almost exactly as it was in the ante bellum days. For twenty-five years we operated this plantation with Negro labor. Racial relations were then ugly beyond anything I had ever seen in the North. Almost any day you could read in the paper that some poor Negro had been hunted down with hounds, or shot by a posse of men, or burned at the stake amid the cheers of a mob of supposedly decent people. Negroes were whipped by white men even more frequently.

Last year there was only one case of whipping in these parts. A young white man full of liquor whipped and raped a Negro woman. He was given a heavy prison sentence. There have been no lynchings in our county for a good many years. How do I account for this change? In the first place the old-time "nigger hater" has gone the way of all flesh and the younger men are far more tolerant. It was hatred that caused the many vile outrages against the Negro, most of which were committed by red-necks, or poor white trash.

Red-necks are simple-minded people, wretchedly poor for the most part, almost always illiterate, and they used to be soaked and saturated with hate for the Negro. But forty years have changed them greatly. The sons and daughters of these poor benighted hill farmers are scattered all over the nation, working in all sorts of jobs. Those left at home have cars and are able to go to town and see how the world lives. Many have found jobs in industries here in the South and have got their minds off the Negro, who was a resented competitor when they tried to make a living in the cotton field.

• Forty years ago it was almost universally believed that a Negro's mission on this earth was to serve the white men. Most white men thought it right and just for the Negro to live in a filthy hovel that afforded little protection against rain and cold and was almost always hopelessly overcrowded. It was perfectly all right for him to get his drinking water from a ditch and for his children to grow up unable to read.

On Election Day the Negro stayed as far away from the voting booth as possible. He knew that if he attempted to exercise his constitutional right, he would be beaten up. If he accepted all this degradation humbly and without complaint and worked hard on the plantation of the landlord and in the fall accepted as settlement whatever the landlord thought proper, he was rewarded by being called a "good nigger" by his white neighbors.

Wherever I go in the South I find this conception of the Negro's place in the economic life of the community dying out. Of course it has to die out; nothing that is a heritage of the old slavery days can persist. This is the greatest change I have witnessed. All over the South the old plantations are being cut up into forty- or eighty-acre farms that are owned and operated by Negroes. And in thousands of industrial plants Negroes and whites are working on equal terms.

Some of the old plantations are being sold to white men from the cities who come with tractors, bulldozers, power cultivators and gang plows, and above all with new ideas acquired at experimental farms and agricultural colleges. They bring hogs, sheep, cattle, and poultry and start an entirely new way of farming, or at least it is new to the South. More important still, the new city farmers with their machinery are not dependent on Negro labor. You are just as likely to see a young white man working on these farms as a Negro. At the same time the Negro on his little farm or with a factory job is independent of the white man. Beyond a doubt this mutual independence makes for better racial relations.

The Negroes in the deep South are acquiring not only farms but many other businesses. They own and operate stores, restaurants, saw mills, funeral homes, banks, movie theaters, private schools, dental and medical clinics, and insurance companies. They are contractors, preachers, engineers, postal clerks, policemen, teachers, carpenters, automobile mechanics, realtors, bricklayers, and lawyers. We have a number of colored professional men in our little county seat. Our Negro county agent, an energetic, intelligent young man, is respected by colored and white alike.

• If the white man has changed, so has the Negro. Many of the Negro landowners in this community have spent from three or four to eight or ten years working in factories in the South or North. They have saved a little money, come back and bought a piece of land, and settled down on it. They are altogether different from the typical ignorant share-cropper of forty years ago. They are building decent new houses on their little farms, growing a variety of crops, and keeping livestock. If a child gets sick they take him to a doctor instead of hanging charm beads around his neck.

I cannot see the color line wiped out suddenly by law. I see it disappearing gradually as the Negroes of the South make themselves worthy of the respect of men of any race and as the white people free their minds of hatred, intolerance, and ante bellum notions of the Negro's "place." The old South is dead; the new South is being born.

HOWARD SNYDER

[*The author operates a farm at Canton and has written several books, among them a novel about the Negroes on his old plantation—"Earth Born."*]

In a Coming Issue

MERLO J. PUSEY of the Washington *Post*, winner of a Pulitzer prize for his biography of Charles Evans Hughes, will analyze the controversial Bricker amendment, which would limit the treaty-making powers of the President.

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THE Nation
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EDITORIALS

The Shape of Things

Yes-Men Wanted

In the know-nothing atmosphere of the "new" Washington both exercise and independence of mind are at a discount. As a result the State Department may lose the services of its two best-informed students of Soviet Russia at a time when relations with Moscow are more delicate and important than ever.

Our present titular ambassador to Moscow, George F. Kennan, left his post last October when the Soviet government pronounced him *persona non grata* and is now awaiting reassignment. But although he is only forty-eight, the indications are that he will shortly be retired. He has, it seems, become *persona non grata* with Mr. Dulles also, having voiced doubts in a public lecture about the "liberation" strategy which is the Secretary of State's personal contribution to the cold war.

Mr. Kennan's designated successor is Charles Bohlen, another career man who speaks Russian fluently and is a life-long student of the Soviet system. However, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee has postponed a vote on his confirmation owing to the opposition of several Senators, including Bridges, Knowland, McCarthy, and McCarran, who hope to persuade the President to withdraw his name. Mr. Bohlen made himself *persona non grata* to this potent quartet at a committee hearing on March 2 when he had the courage to challenge Republican mythology by defending American actions at the Yalta conference, where he served as interpreter.

It seems likely, therefore, that Mr. Dulles will shortly have to send the newspapers an advertisement reading: "Russian experts wanted. Knowledge of language not essential; only yes-men need apply."

New Kremlin Bid

Premier Malenkov's second bid for negotiations with the West is not being brushed off anywhere except in Washington, and even there a few hardy individuals are urging that the Administration respond with cautious interest rather than the usual brusque incredulity. In Europe both press and public treat the new overture as an event of first importance, offering at least the possibility of realistic negotiations. Even the bitter anger aroused by the recent attacks on planes by Soviet and Czechoslovak jets has been somewhat diluted with hope. Whatever Malenkov's motives in reiterating Moscow's "peace aims"—whether to induce a slowdown in Western rearmament or actually to resolve conflicts between East and West—the shooting down of Allied planes could hardly advance Soviet purposes. So the tendency now is to assume that the incidents were not ordered by the Kremlin but by local military authorities acting in the hostile pattern of similar episodes in the past.

Those who least credit the sincerity of any Soviet move toward conciliation are naturally demanding that belief wait upon deeds. This view is wholly understandable, but it does not justify the flatly negative reaction of some Administration leaders. Obviously the Kremlin will not forthwith "pull out of Austria and Eastern Germany," as Senator Wiley has suggested. Any pulling out would have to be the result of bargaining; it will not be a free gift. But some check on Moscow's intentions may be discerned in the day-to-day behavior of its representatives. A reasonably conciliatory reply to the three-power note on the plane attacks, a willingness to compromise in the matter of a new Secretary General for the U. N., a formal proposal of talks on outstanding differences—such signs would provide a reasonable basis for a favorable response to Malenkov's striking statement. One thing is sure: the Administration cannot reject the Soviet overture in terms of its rollback policy and hope for any vestige of agreement from its chief European allies.

Thank You, Mr. Velde!

Representative Harold H. Velde deserves a vote of thanks if not of confidence for his suggestion that the House Committee on Un-American Activities might have to investigate clergymen who dare to criticize its methods. Any number of fine editorials and eloquent sermons failed to produce the reaction that this arrogant suggestion provoked. The National Council of Churches of Christ in the U. S. A. lost little time in adopting—sixty-nine to two—a resolution, strengthened by an amendment proposed by Charles P. Taft, sharply criticizing "certain methods" of Congressional committees. Representative Franklin D. Roosevelt just as promptly introduced a resolution calling for Velde's removal as chairman of the committee; Velde's colleagues repudi-

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ated his suggestion; and Velde, bruised, battered, and bewildered, was forced to announce that he did not intend to go forward with the investigation "at this time."

In Washington the local Presbytery tabled for a month a scorching resolution rebuking Velde, after an unsuccessful effort by the Reverend Dr. Edward L. R. Elson, whose church President Eisenhower attends, to modify the original motion in order to win its immediate acceptance. And in a sermon inspired by the inept Velde, the Reverend C. Stanley Lowell, a Methodist minister in the District, called for an investigation of the investigators. "How do we know McCarthy is loyal?" he asked—and got only the echo to his question as an answer.

A study of the barometer readings for the week encourages us to believe that we were right in pointing out in an earlier issue (Revolt Against McCarthy? March 7) that the witch hunt is meeting with a sturdier resistance than at any time since 1947.

Fighting Against Franco

The anti-Communist International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, with headquarters in Amsterdam, last week adopted a resolution strongly condemning the Franco government for a "new wave of repressions"—this time directed against workers affiliated with the anti-Communist Spanish General Workers' Union. The statement charges that Thomas Centeno, a member of the union, had died "as a result of maltreatment in the cells of the security police of Madrid." The I. C. F. T. U. reiterated its determination to fight to the last against the admission of the Franco regime to the United Nations.

In the meantime spokesmen of various anti-Franco groups in Spain have in person notified the United States embassy at Madrid that these groups will not consider themselves bound by any obligation that the dictator may assume toward the United States government. One such delegation to the embassy included General Aranda, formerly an outstanding commander in Franco's army, now in the opposition. Many Americans traveling in Spain have been impressed by the mounting anti-United States feeling which has developed as a result of the efforts of our government to trade the future of the Spanish people for military bases.

That Urge to Merge

Business Week of March 7 reports that the post-war "urge to merge" is still strong. Mergers and absorptions of business enterprises have averaged sixty per month since 1945, and last year produced a bumper crop. A top management consultant is quoted as saying that the "urge is shared equally by the company that will be absorbed and the company that will do the absorbing." But the absorbers seem to be more active and systematic;

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some companies, for example, now "maintain vice-presidents or even whole departments for the prime purpose of seeking out absorbable companies."

Two trends are conspicuous. One is toward the elimination of the medium-sized, prosperous business which is owned by an individual, a family, or a small group of stockholders. The owners sell their stock for a good price, pay the capital-gains tax, and invest the proceeds in tax-free municipal bonds. In some instances they have been able to "triple their take-home pay" in this manner. Had they stayed in business, their company would have had to multiply its profits twenty times for them to have made a comparable net return.

Again a company with high earnings may acquire control of another company with a sizable tax-loss carry-over or may absorb another for the sole purpose of liquidating it and realizing a low-tax-rate profit. "In recent years," J. B. Wallach reports in the New York *World-Telegram* (March 10), "virtually every type of business from department store to textile mill" has been involved in liquidations of this type. "Capital gains," he writes, "seem to be inspiring more liquidations than adverse business conditions. . . . Unless business conditions take a turn for the worse"—perverse thought!—"additional firms will be sold down the river. Unfortunately communities as well as countless individuals are hurt when liquidation involves a shutdown and a lost pay roll. To some it may seem a high price to pay for a dollar profit." It is indeed ironic that now, at the "top of the market," the urge to merge is stronger than ever.

Handling the Russians

In contrast with the partisan role played by Secretary General Trygve Lie, discussed on page 241, it is interesting to note how another high official of the United Nations manages to resist pressure both from the United States and from the Russians. On the day the Security Council in New York was trying vainly to elect a new Secretary General, in Geneva the head of the U. N. Economic Commission for Europe, Mr. Gunnar Myrdal, was stoutly rejecting a Soviet demand that he sever relations between his agency and the European Coal and Steel Community, the Organization for European Economic Cooperation, and various Marshall Plan groups.

The debate was heated. At one point Mr. Arutiunian, a Soviet delegate, went so far as to suggest that if relations were maintained Russia would have to reconsider its participation in the work of the commission. Mr. Myrdal stood fast, adding that he would be glad to have similar relations with intergovernmental agencies for economic planning in Eastern Europe. Confronted by this firm but impartial attitude, the Russians did not force the issue to a showdown, and the incident was closed.

Disengagement into Disenchantment

THE "new look" of the Eisenhower-Dulles foreign policy is so far largely an illusion. The Administration has deliberately created the impression that it has set forth on a different, bolder course, promising big results, particularly in East Asia. It has led us to believe it has discovered a magic formula for winning the Korean war, weakening China, perhaps disrupting the Sino-Soviet alliance, and unscrambling the Yalta egg. It has suggested we are on the road to extricating American troops from Korea and the French from Indo-China, letting Asians fight Asians while America creates a strong central military reserve comparable with the reserve of armed forces in the Soviet Union.

In part this is an attempt by the Republican Administration to fulfil rash campaign talk. Mr. Eisenhower appears to be hypnotized by some of his more ill-advised statements preceding the election. But it is also in part an ill-advised attempt to build a *Realpolitik* out of unreality.

The entire development signals danger. Within a year or so the American people are likely to start asking questions: What happened to that Chinese Nationalist invasion of the mainland? Whatever came of that celebrated resolution against Yalta, "secret agreements," enslavement, or whichever version happened to be current at breakfast time today? With all our embargoing of strategic materials to Communist China, why haven't those Reds been shaken? Finally an impatient public may demand to know how many of our 250,000 American soldiers in Korea have been brought home as the result of Secretary Dulles's inspiring plan of disengagement.

In an editorial entitled Eisenhowerism, the Manchester *Guardian* the other day wrote of the anxiety America's policy in Asia is causing. "Public opinion may rise," the British liberal journal said. "The instinct of America, when it is thwarted, is often to take a bold line of attack, which in many circumstances is commendable but in the present ones might cause catastrophe."

Dulles's latest style of fancy public relations was displayed in the official communiqué issued after his four days' discussion with Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden in Washington. The passage of the communiqué that dominated all others in the American mind described two new British measures against shipment of war material to Communist China. One was the reintroduction of a licensing system for ships registered in the United Kingdom and colonies. The other was a decision to prevent bunkering at British ports by ships bearing strategic cargoes for China. "These steps," remarked a Washington dispatch to the London *Times*, "have been accorded an importance here out of all proportion to any possible

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results." And the Manchester *Guardian* drily commented, "Possibly [this new decision] will have a greater effect on American public opinion than on China's supplies." American press reports suggested, "Britain has helped impose an economic blockade." It was implied that the repentant British had at last renounced a thriving armaments traffic with Red China.

Nobody could learn the truth from the communiqué or from its interpretation in our newspapers. One or two British ships have indeed docked at the Polish port of Gdynia and carried a few strategic items to China. United States officials admit that our intelligence about non-Communist countries' vessels going to China is based mainly on sightings which give no clue to cargoes. American authorities also confirm that many of the "free world's" ships are sailing to China empty—in ballast—to pick up soya beans, vegetable oils, grain, iron ore, manganese, pig bristles, or cow bones. Of those carrying cargoes to China by far the majority are taking civilian goods—wool-tops, dyestuffs, pharmaceuticals, sugar-refining and textile machinery.

NOR COULD one gather from the Dulles-Eden communiqué that, next to the United States and Canada, Britain has long been enforcing the strictest embargo on delivery of anything like war material to China. Our vocal Congressmen, a few raucous radio commentators of the Fulton Lewis school, and many of our newspapers have been drawing the picture of a Britain growing fat and rich by shipping contraband goods to the Chinese Communists. How many Americans are aware that of Britain's total exports one one-thousandth goes to Red China and that of British imports one-five-hundredth comes from China?

In its first two months the Eisenhower Administration has run up this score in foreign affairs:

Formosa. The President's de-neutralization of that island, which was not neutral anyway, led millions of Americans to expect the impossible. They imagined Chiang Kai-shek's army would cross the Formosan Straits and establish a beachhead on China's mainland, a vision which has meanwhile evaporated. There was talk of Chinese Nationalist bombing raids against mainland communications; now Americans are learning that the handful of bombers on Formosa are outmoded and that the real problem is how to defend Formosa against air attacks if the Chinese Communists should decide to make them. It is beginning to dawn on American taxpayers that they will have to foot a big bill for arming his troops before Chiang will risk them in combat.

Blockade. In January high officials of the Eisenhower Administration were predicting an early naval blockade against Communist China. Dulles said such a plan was being considered. Then the British strongly objected. India's Nehru denounced the idea. Our alarmed friends and allies in Europe and Asia recoiled from the harebrained notion. Now we hear that at least 75 per cent of China's trade is overland and that a costly and legally questionable blockade would have negligible effect.

Yalta. The wettest squib of all is the celebrated joint resolution by the President and Congress. Last July in Chicago, Dulles boldly wrote into the Republican platform: "The government of the United States under Republican leadership will repudiate all commitments contained in secret understandings such as those of Yalta which aid Communist enslavements." After much wrangling Mr. Eisenhower's weaker formula was further dehydrated in a compromise version which Dulles had his State Department concoct in the hope of winning unanimous Congressional support. In its latest form the resolution mentioned enslavement but said nothing about Yalta, repudiation, or secret understandings. This made the Democrats happy but not Taft, and in the end the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, whose talents are equal to recognizing a dead duck, postponed indefinitely consideration of this specimen of Dullesian diplomacy.

East-West Trade. We have already described the fraudulence of the China section of the Dulles-Eden announcement. Earlier this month Mutual Security Director Harold Stassen called a news conference and disclosed a seven-point program by which the Eisenhower Administration proposes further to restrict trade with the Communist bloc. It was a hodgepodge of remnants of the Truman policy, mixed with promises to "study," "devise," "consult," and "coordinate" more of the same. It was worth exactly what it got—a minor headline near the obituary columns in next day's newspapers.

Disengagement. This great concept, which Dulles has singled out as his fairhaired brain child, has created illusions of another sort. The idea is familiar; it recurred in numerous Eisenhower campaign speeches. South Korean and Vietnamese divisions are to be multiplied in the next eighteen months or so to such an extent that American and French troops can be withdrawn.

TO MOST people this indicates that our G. I.'s will be brought home and be replaced entirely by Koreans. Nothing like that is contemplated. How will Americans react when they discover that even if this strategy were carried out, most of our seven divisions in Korea would simply be moved to Pusan and Japan and kept there? What will happen when disengagement turns into disenchantment?

As this series of phonies starts making an impact on the American mind in the months ahead, public opinion at home may indeed get excited. That is when we shall face the risk that the Eisenhower Administration, to placate a disillusioned, impatient people, may edge toward adventurism.

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J. Alvarez del Vayo

A New Secretary General?

United Nations

GIVEN an international situation full of perils both foreseeable and unforeseeable—the shooting down of American and British planes over Germany was a good example of the latter—it is only natural that responsible elements in the United Nations should try to rescue it from its present impotence. The problem of appointing a new Secretary General has therefore acquired an importance it would not have had in a less strained atmosphere. This problem is closely linked to that of the U. N. staff. Mr. Lie's failure to resist the constant pressure to transform the United Nations into a subsidiary agency of a great power, subject like any other government department to investigation by Senators and police, lent the issue of the U. N. staff its world-wide interest.

As will be remembered, it was in the midst of the uproar created by the dismissal of several staff members, none of them charged with any act of subversion, that Mr. Lie resigned. Some people suspected at the time that his announcement concealed an intention to maneuver later to keep his post. Last week this suspicion was strengthened. But a clever French-British counter move intercepted him. His plan was to provoke a debate in the Assembly on his handling of the staff issue. From this he hoped to emerge vindicated, thanks to the active support of the United States delegation and the benevolent silence of the others. Criticism from the Soviet camp did not bother him—it could only increase his popularity in the quarters that backed him. After obtaining his certificate of innocence, Mr. Lie intended to ask the Security Council to elect his successor and, in the rather probable case of a deadlock, to announce he was ready to sacrifice himself once more in the interest of peace by staying at his post.

Opposing his retention for various reasons, the French and British called for an immediate meeting of the Security Council to elect his successor. That left him not enough time to obtain the Assembly's absolution. Taken by surprise, he engaged in a series of secret consultations, and through promises, suggestions, and overtures tried to convey to the several delegations that he was still available. All this had to be done in a few hours, and was without result. He then had to hurry to the Assembly to read his self-justifying report. But it was too late; the French and British had made up their minds.

MR. LIE'S ADDRESS was not of a kind to increase the number of his supporters. On the contrary, many delegates, listening to him, wondered how he had ever been given the direction of the United Nations. It is true that his presentation of his case had a kind of cleverness that might have seemed creditable on a lower political level. He portrayed himself simply as a victim of the cold war: the Russians behaved abominably toward him, and McCarthy did not make his task easier. By thus distributing the blame Mr. Lie was obviously attempting at this zero hour to play the part of the incorruptible Secretary General treating Russia and America with strict impartiality. Had he really played this role, the *affaire Lie* might never have plagued us.

He declared, first, that the Russians had withdrawn their recognition of him "because of the stand [he] took in support of United Nations action against armed aggression in Korea." This may have been true, but the Russians had recognized Mr. Lie long after he took his "stand" and had broken relations with him only after his reappointment as Secretary General, in their view in violation of the Charter. The Russians' reaction was in line with their general insistence that the provisions of the Charter must be observed at any cost, especially in matters requiring the unanimity of the Big Five. Unanimity is for them the last redoubt, which they must defend if they are not to accept the position of a rebellious and obstructive group. Since they are commonly beaten by majorities as great as fifty-five to five, they feel secure only when the unanimity rule is strictly applied. Maintaining that the extension of Mr. Lie's mandate was an evasion of this rule, they ignored it.

In the second place, the Secretary General presented himself as a victim of the hysteria prevailing in the United States. He said that since to be a Communist or to refuse to reply to the questions of Congressional committees is an offense in the "host country," it must also be an offense in the United Nations. There is no need to expose this fallacy again to *Nation* readers.

THE FRENCH AND BRITISH came to the meeting on March 11 with a good candidate, Lester B. Pearson, Canada's Secretary for External Affairs, who has been presiding over the present Assembly with great distinction. Unfortunately the United States has a candidate of its own, General Rómulo of the Philippines, a temperamental orator but not a person to restore the balance and re-create the confidence destroyed by Mr. Lie. The Russians' nomination of the Foreign Minister of Poland was pure formula. Owing mainly to the division in the Western camp the meeting ended as it began. Forty-eight hours later the Council met again. This time Rómulo was easily beaten; Pearson obtained nine of the eleven votes and would have been elected but for the Soviet veto. Mr. Zorin tried to get a postponement of the vote until a subsequent meeting. It was evident that the Russians wanted to negotiate, but this indication was ignored, a vote taken, and a new Soviet veto registered. The hope now is that before Thursday, when the Council meets for the third time, informal talks with the Soviet delegates may lead to an agreement on Mr. Pearson or on some other candidate and thus prevent the return of Mr. Lie and put an end to the present unhealthy situation in the United Nations.

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THE NEW SOVIET MAN

Inheritor of the Kremlin . . . *by Mark Gayn*

Paris

THE death of Joseph Stalin ended an era. Whatever one may think of his philosophy or methods, there is no doubt that in the twenty-seven years he held power Stalin influenced the course of history more than any other of the great figures in whom this terrible period was singularly rich.

What may seem even more significant to future generations is the fact that the end of this era brought to power what the Soviet press calls "the new Soviet man." The group that has now taken over the Soviet state and party—Malenkov and Beria, Bulganin and Khrushchev, Saburov and Pervukhin, Suslov and Mikhailov—is a new political breed whose thinking is largely incomprehensible to the West and whose capacity for compromise or evil is as yet unknown. What are the philosophy and *mores* of the "new Soviet man"? Is there any ground on which the West can reach an understanding with him? What will be his influence on the vast and turbulent forces awakened or led by Stalinism throughout the world, and especially in Asia?

Stalin was an "original" Bolshevik—one of that band who fought in the czarist underground, knew imprisonment and exile, preached, at least in the beginning, Marxian internationalism, and worked side by side with Lenin. Stalin's heirs are a whole generation away from all this; most of them did not join the party until after the revolution. Georgi Malenkov, for instance, was fifteen when Lenin took over power and did not join the Red Army until two years later.

Malenkov and his coworkers acquired their political faith, methods, loyalties, and even their knowledge of revolutionary history in the Stalin-controlled party. Though it is not generally realized, these "new Soviet men" have, in fact, been running the state and the party for more than a decade, even if they did not yet make high policy. In 1939, when the party held its Eighteenth Congress, more than 90 per cent of all the important party posts, local and national, were held by men who had been sixteen years of age or under at the time of the revolution. Between the Eighteenth and the Nineteenth Congress, held last October, party membership soared from 1,590,000 to just over 6,000,000, with a corresponding increase in "young blood." Perhaps the most significant feature of the Nineteenth Congress was that it marked the party's formal recognition of the "new Soviet man." The party, in effect, was turned over to Malenkov there and then: he made the keynote address, customarily delivered by Stalin; the word "Bolshevik" was dropped from the party's name, and its theoretical monthly, *Bolshevik,* was renamed *Communist.* With the West largely unaware of what was happening, the old party had actually changed its identity, top leadership, and a great deal of its original philosophy. Stalin's death merely removed the last strong sentimental link between Bolshevik tradition and the new party.

WHAT MAKES Russia's future so puzzling now is that it will be guided not by familiar revolutionaries but by these youthful party bureaucrats, not by Marxian internationalists but by fervent Russian nationalists. The milieu which produced Lenin and Stalin was strongly influenced by Western cultural and political tradition. Lenin and Trotsky, in fact, belonged to the same revolutionary strain as, say, Togliatti or Nenni. Stalin's bonds with Western thought were also close, even if he chose to denounce them later. But when Malenkov denies that he has any such bonds, he is pretty nearly right. He belongs to the majority of the new Soviet leaders who have never been outside the Russian orbit and consider most things outside it either evil or inferior.

Malenkov did not originate the new Russian nationalism; it was apparently brought into being by one of Stalin's decrees back in 1934. But no one in Moscow, not even the late Andrei Zhdanov, has been more active than Malenkov in nourishing it. It was Malenkov who led the hunt for "rootless cosmopolitans," especially in the fields of thought and creative writing. It was he who sought out "nationalist deviations" in the smaller republics of the Soviet Union and proclaimed, directly or indirectly, the superiority of the Russian man, political system, inventive genius, military might, and, yes, *lapta*—that obvious granddaddy of "beizbol."

In the thirty years between the era of Lenin and the era of Malenkov the party has undergone a total metamorphosis. Its development from a revolutionary conspiracy into a gigantic bureaucracy made much of the change inevitable. But whatever the causes, the party has long been putting a lesser premium on faith than on obedience and conformity.

This pervading loyalty to the party—rather than to an ideal—produces some of the Soviet phenomena least comprehensible to the Western mind. Malenkov, for instance, sees nothing odd in his demand that "literature and art be guided in their creative work by that which is the basis of life in the Soviet land—the party policy"; or in his statement to the Nineteenth Congress that it is "the mission" of Soviet science "to occupy first place in world science." The reaction is quick. Within a fortnight the president of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, in a half-page article in *Pravda* suitably entitled Occupy the First Place in World Science, assures the party that Malenkov's "magnificent, inspiring" assignment will be carried out promptly. And when Malenkov denounces Soviet writers because

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none of them is a Gogol, and in the same breath proceeds to tell them what to write and how, neither he nor the new party sees anything incongruous in it. Everyone is deadly serious in these exchanges, for everyone knows that the party is the beginning and the end, the source of all power, and the bearer of all truths.

NATIONALISM and devotion to the omniscient, all-powerful party are the two main characteristics of the "new Soviet man." Mixed, they produce a heady brew. For the party which, in its wisdom, demands Gogols and "the world's best science" does not halt there, as indeed it could not. Following the same pattern of thought and political behavior, it launches a strenuous campaign to create and propagate the concepts of "the most advanced state in the world," insists on Russian primacy to the point of reviling and punishing nationalism in the satellite countries, rewrites history to keep up with the changes within the party, and in a completely matter-of-fact way eliminates entire social and national groups. The important thing today is not only that Malenkov has taken over the party but that he is its child. He *believes* in these things.

Withal, Malenkov's mind is coldly rational and disciplined. He knows caution and patience, and it is interesting to note that he now echoes Stalin's boast of "strong nerves"—the implication being that he cannot be frightened into hasty action or concessions. A pudgy man in a drab tunic, Malenkov is not an inspiring leader, nor a profound thinker, nor yet a myth. Versatile like most other top Communists, he is an economist, and a fairly competent one. But primarily he is a bureaucrat and an administrator, with a keen understanding of the bases of power in the Soviet state and of the potentialities of propaganda. He may lack Stalin's judgment and magnetic name, but there is no reason why—with time—he will not do a good job of consolidating his hold on the party, running the state, and expanding industrial production.

WHAT ARE Malenkov's thoughts on the West and the cold war? A study of his two major pronouncements on the subject—one at the inauguration of the Cominform in 1947 and the other at the party congress last October—is fruitful. It shows that there has been little change in Malenkov's evaluation of the world scene. It also reveals an intimate connection between his own and Stalin's ideas on foreign affairs, as expounded last fall. Evidently the problem had been bandied about for years in the Politburo, with a fair degree of agreement.

Briefly, this is Malenkov's thesis. Taking advantage of the defeat of Japan and Germany and the weakening of France and Britain, the United States has been trying to establish hegemony over the world ever since the war. Under the banner of "Defense Against Communism," it has been converting former great powers into satellites, taking over their markets, and moving into their colonies. Naturally, the victimized nations resent this encroachment and may some day come to blows with the United States.

Moreover, as a result of the division of the world into two hostile camps, a depression stands on capitalist doorsteps. Economic collapse in the United States has been averted only by the conversion of industry to war purposes. And as the United States militarizes itself, it compels its satellites to follow suit. Thus anti-American resentment increases and pro-peace forces in Western Europe are strengthened.

On the other side is the "peace camp," led by the Soviet Union. It is strong enough to "drub" any aggressor, but it stands for peace, world trade, and the coexistence of capitalism and socialism "for a long time." Trade is the basis on which the "cold war" might be brought to a halt.

I think this is a fair condensation of Malenkov's views. Apparently he, like Stalin and Mao Tse-tung, feels that if Russia can stay out of war there will be sooner or later a crippling depression in the capitalist countries or perhaps even an armed conflict between the United States and its present allies. It looks, therefore, as if Moscow's foreign policy under Malenkov would remain largely unchanged. It seems clear, too, that the current policy pronouncements in Moscow—and especially Malenkov's address—reflect decisions made last summer, probably after General Eisenhower's nomination in July and before the party congress in October. It is still too early to guess what these decisions were, but one may surmise, again on the basis of Soviet publications, that they were influenced by the war weariness assumed to prevail in the United States. If that is so, we are about to see an intensification of a Soviet peace offensive.

MAJOR CHANGES in the party's policy are far more likely to be noted in the internal than in the external sphere. Almost certainly we shall see a tightening of discipline, purges that may reach into higher party echelons in every Communist country, an intensified campaign against deviations of every kind, including "Jewish bourgeois nationalism," and an unparalleled stress on increased production. The new Soviet man is sure to demand more sweat and sacrifice.

The change of dynasty in the Kremlin might eventually open up vast possibilities to the West. One is that Malenkov might be unable to match the unifying influence that the magic of Stalin's name has had on the Communist world. Another is that Mao Tse-tung, the surviving giant of communism, might now insist on more complete Chinese dominance in Asia. Militating against these possibilities is the incontestable fact that the Red world has been held together by more than the magic of Stalin's name. The tight party, police, and army web remains intact, and so do the benefits which, for instance, bind China to Russia. It is also

Alvin Katz

true that Malenkov is far better prepared to take over Stalin's mantle than Stalin was to take over Lenin's. The West would do well to watch for opportunity, but it must be prudent in identifying it correctly. In the next few months we shall hear many rash counsels. If followed, they might prove more costly than anything done by the "new Soviet man."

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VOICE OF AMERICA? . . . *a Fantasy*

[*The other night the editors of* The Nation *dreamed they were somewhere in Western Europe listening to a French radio commentator broadcasting from Paris on a subject of great interest to Americans. Here is what they heard.*]

FOR some years now the Voice of America has been transmitting to us here in Western Europe the image of America. For countless hours the Voice has echoed over London, Paris, and Rome, over Sheffield, Stuttgart, Oslo, and Milan, giving us dramas, essays, tone poems, and folk songs. We have been favored with brilliant passages from Melville and with charming descriptions of the Rocky Mountains. And of course we have heard praises of NATO and ferocious attacks on communism. These were, if you will forgive us, a little heavy-handed for our taste. Nevertheless, we dozed patiently through them, waking up in time for the excellent jazz recordings.

Ah, this America! This formidable eater of breakfast cereals and enriched breads. This confident figure with his broad shoulders and well-filled teeth. This manly guy with his dogged convictions. We heard him portrayed—lover of baseball, whistler of Gershwin, reader of Whitman and Thoreau, in politics a Lincoln Republican or a Jefferson Democrat. A homely, winning fellow who loved nothing better than a peaceful week-end in the garage, tinkering with his incomparable automobile.

Naturally, we did not swallow this image whole. Notwithstanding a lamentable lack of Buicks and garbage-disposal mechanisms, we Europeans have managed to develop a few useful products, among them the critical eye and the worldly smile. And we could not resist making certain slight revisions in the official portrait.

We have had many opportunities to observe both G. I.'s and tourists. We see the movies of Hollywood. And so you will understand that to the image of the confident, well-fed face, we could not help adding a faint nervous twitch. To the literature of Whitman and Thoreau we added the comic book. The gay tune whistled by the American was, we imagined, less likely to be Gershwin than be-bop or the marines' anthem. And the object tinkered with in the garage, we suspected, might be an atomic bomb. We retouched the Voice's image with our fine Voltairean hand, and what emerged was a figure somewhat like ourselves. A little fearful, a little brave; a little debased, a little noble; influenced by great traditions and petty jealousies. In short, a man.

And then there opened Senator's McCarthy's investigation of the Voice. It was well covered by our press, and the reports offered a most intriguing prospect. We were to have a chance to learn who owned those anonymous voices we had been hearing.

We met first a Dr. John Cocutz who testified he had been told that the head of the Voice's religious desk was an atheist. Dr. Cocutz was not sure of the man's name. But Senator McCarthy quickly ferreted it out. It was Roger Lyons.

Next appeared a Mrs. Patricia Shepherd. She had dated Mr. Lyons in the middle forties. "Roger was one of the first men I had met in New York. He was quite a brain and I wasn't. I was fascinated." Ah, this was more like it. Touchingly romantic, these Americans. Alas, the image was shattered by Mrs. Shepherd's next words. "He had no belief in God. He was going to a psychoanalyst and was very confused."

It was, we confess, a little mortifying to learn we had been hanging on the words of a Rumanian tattle-tale and an embittered lady of little brain. Hopefully we waited for the real, manly American to appear.

At last Mr. Lyons took the stand—to insist shakily that he did believe in God. In a desperate attempt at proof he said that he had been in church, well, a month ago. And he had given $10 to the Lutherans of New Jersey.

Next a Miss Nancy Lenkeith was presented to us. Miss Lenkeith testified that one Troup Matthews, interviewing her for a job with the Voice's

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French section, had invited her "to join a collectivist group and start bearing children, although I was unmarried." Miss Lenkeith was "sort of stunned by the offer." But not so stunned, as our cafe wits noted, that she could not rally and accept the job.

Now the accusation of being in favor of seduction is hardly considered a shattering charge against a man, here in Europe. But we expected an American to come forward and defend himself. When Mr. Matthews finally appeared, however, the broad shoulders were bowed. "That collectivist idea," he said frantically; "I don't know where she got it! I'm a firm believer in monogamy. I've got a wife and four kids to prove it!"

It was during Miss Lenkeith's testimony, incidentally, that we in Europe got a fleeting glimpse of the American's famed sense of humor. Senator McCarthy interrupted the witness to urge that she postpone her shocking tale until a later secret session, in order to protect the innocence of children who might be watching the proceedings on television.

There followed one John C. Caldwell, pointing a damaging finger at the Voice's chief of policy, W. Bradley Connors. But Mr. Connors, as it turned out, was quite guiltless. Mr. Caldwell was forced to admit that Connors was not a disloyal American; he was simply "a ruthless opportunist."

And so it went. We were meeting at last the people behind the Voice of America, and we discovered they were a sad crew—disgruntled, malicious, and frightened. Listeners in Sicily were interested to learn that among those who spoke to them over the Voice were some self-styled vigilantes known to their coworkers as the "Mafia."

Then the shabby comedy turned bizarre. Under attack for allowing quotations from the works of Howard Fast to be broadcast, the State Department issued an order forbidding use of the words "of any known controversial person, Communist, fellow-traveler, etc." When asked just whom this blanket description included, Mr. Humphrey, who had issued the order, admitted, "We really don't know."

But we in Western Europe knew. We are not unacquainted with American history. It would include Franklin D. Roosevelt, for years a storm center of controversy. It would include Abraham Lincoln, who corresponded with Karl Marx. And certainly it would include Walt Whitman, who was fired from the editorship of the Brooklyn *Eagle* for radical sentiments, Thoreau, who wrote a tract advocating civil disobedience, and Thomas Jefferson, who wrote: "It behooves every man who values liberty of conscience for himself to resist invasions of it in the case of others; or their case may, by exchange of circumstances, become his own. It behooves him, too, in his own case, to give no example of concession, betraying the common right of independent opinion, by answering questions of faith, which the laws have left between God and himself."

Among the Europeans who would be banned there would assuredly be Stendhal, whom the police chief of Milan accused of holding "the most pernicious political ideas," and Zola, who leaped into the Dreyfus controversy, and gentle Proust, who circulated petitions in Zola's defense, not to mention Dante and Heinrich Heine, political exiles both.

Thinking thus, we read the news reports. We read them closely. And we saw, finally, the bizarre turn tragic, when Raymond Kaplan, a Voice of America engineer, committed suicide, writing in his last note: "Once the dogs are on you, everything you have done since the beginning of time becomes suspect." As a last irony, we read the announcement that Senator McCarthy had investigated Kaplan's loyalty and issued a posthumous clearance.

The Voice of America still echoes here in Europe. We trust you will understand when we confess that we no longer listen. There are undoubtedly courageous and attractive Americans, but we did not read of them appearing on McCarthy's witness stand. We read of slander, and back-stabbing, and nervous denials, and continual retreats by Secretary Dulles. We can hardly be blamed for the conclusion that the Voice we hear from now on will be the brass whoop of Senator McCarthy.

And so, in Rome, and Copenhagen, and Paris, when it comes time for the broadcast from America, you will excuse us for turning off the radio with a sardonic grin, and quietly going out for a caffè espresso, a glass of akquavit, a shot of cognac to help us enjoy our mood of meditative melancholy.

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TOO MUCH CORN

Or Too Much Benson? . . . *by Bruce Catton*

Washington

IT IS all beginning to look and sound very much like the great days of the Eighteenth Congress, which bravely set out to bring back William McKinley and succeeded only in presenting Harry S. Truman with another four years in the White House. Where it looks and sounds that way most, just at present, is probably in Ezra Benson's Depart-

Secretary Benson

ment of Agriculture. Take for instance the Corn Industry Conference which Secretary Benson called for March 4, (that it opened exactly twenty years to the day after Henry Wallace had brought a new idea about farm programs into the department was of course only an outlandish coincidence).

The reason for the meeting was the fact that the Department of Agriculture, through its Commodity Credit Corporation, currently holds some 280,000,000 bushels of corn, worth approximately $450,000,000. That is a great deal of corn, of course, but whether it is good or bad to have it depends on your point of view. If you are enthusiastic about the ever-normal-granary idea and want insurance against a possible poor crop year, it is good. From other points of view it is bad, and those points of view were well represented at the conference.

About half of those who attended the meeting were farmers and their spokesmen, including high officials of the Farm Bureau and the Grange but oddly enough not of the Farmers' Union, and half were big grain dealers and processors, including such men as Sylvester Myers, president of the Chicago Board of Trade, and J. William Brady, vice-president of the Corn Products Refining Company of New York. The industry people did the most significant talking. Brady set the key by complaining that the government's grain holdings scare people and depress the market; he demanded an end to the government's operations in this field. In the end the industry representatives were calling for a new set-up under which all the government's functions in respect to price supports—with the sole exception of the function of occasionally losing money—would be taken over by the private grain trade.

The tone of their remarks was so reactionary that even the Farm Bureau officials got worried, and when it was moved that a subcommittee be appointed to make formal recommendations along this line about half of the delegates did not vote.

The conference adjourned without quite making explicit the desire of the industry members for a corn price-support program handled entirely by themselves. It came very near it, however, and high officials in the Department of Agriculture feel much the same.

Secretary Benson's choice for president of the Commodity Credit Corporation is John H. Davis, who is on leave from his job as executive vice-president of the National Wool Marketing Corporation and who previously was with the National Council of Farmer Cooperatives. Mr. Davis has said that much of the heavy government buying could be handled more efficiently through commercial market channels.

When the National Council of Farmer Cooperatives met in New Orleans last January, its president, D. W. Brooks—now a member of Benson's top Agricultural Advisory Committee—came out flatly in favor of letting private enterprise handle the price-support program. Support loans would be made by bankers, and the grain on which loans were made would be stored by regular commercial operators; the sole important function of the Commodity Credit Corporation would be to underwrite the program and to stand the loss if there was one. With industry pressing in that direction and with so many of the Department of Agriculture people leaning that way without even being pushed, it is not hard to believe that some such program will ultimately be made official.

TO UNDERSTAND industry's enthusiasm for it one need only take a brief glance at the way the corn price-support program works. The Commodity Credit Corporation will make loans to a farmer up to 90 per cent of the parity-price value of his crop, taking title to his corn as security. If the market price goes up, the farmer simply sells his corn in the usual way and pays off the loan. If the market price drops, he in effect invites the government to foreclose on its loan, and the Commodity Credit Corporation takes physical possession of the corn. Ultimately, of course, the corporation has to dispose of it with the least possible disturbance to the market and the least possible loss to the government.

In this operation money is loaned and grain is stored; and for a long time the trade has been asking why all that lending and storing should not be done by the commercial operators. Let the farmer, it is argued, put his grain under loan with a private trader. He will get his money, just as he does now, and if the price drops, the trader will be reimbursed by the Commodity Credit Cor-

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poration. A neater method for having the trade do all the money-making and the government all the money-losing would be hard to imagine.

The proposal also has its political appeal. It would make possible an apparent reduction in government spending. The reduction would be no more than apparent, but it would show up on the budget, or could be made to show up there. Like this:

The action arm, so to speak, of the Commodity Credit Corporation is the Production Marketing Administration. This has a large field staff for making loans, handling papers, operating the grain-storage facilities, and so on. If the loan-and-storage operation is turned over to private industry, all these people could be fired, and the saving could be pointed to with vast pride. To be sure, bankers and traders would be paid for making the loans, and grain dealers would be paid for receiving, storing, and marketing the grain; so in the end the cost to the government would be just as great as it is now, if not a little more. But the "saving" could be made to look good in the newspapers.

THE EXTENT to which the whole price-support system has lost favor in the Department of Agriculture has to be seen to be appreciated. The Secretary's economic adviser—the job held under Secretary Brannan by Louis Bean—is Don Paarlberg, formerly of the faculty of Purdue University. A little more than a year ago, when Dr. Paarlberg was presenting the "Case Against Price Supports" to the semi-annual meeting of the National Egg Products Association in Chicago, he remarked that "price supports for farm products are based on the assumption that a dollar is worth more in the pocket of a farmer than in the pocket of anyone else."

As a matter of simple fact, on farm policy this Administration is simply following the trail blazed by the Eightieth Congress. The Eightieth Congress passed a law forbidding the Commodity Credit Corporation to lease or acquire any real property for grain-storage purposes. The wording was such that the corporation could not even rent vacant lots to put up certain storage bins which it already owned. In its effect on the farmer this law operated just as the new price-support system now being proposed would operate—it left the farmer entirely at the mercy of the grain-storage monopolists.

As it turned out, the grain-storage people did not always have much mercy. They could compel the farmer to sell at their own price, and a great many times they did exactly that. And the farmer, in case anyone has forgotten, got so mad about it that in the fall of 1948 the Republicans lost an election which looked absolutely fool-proof.

"LIMELIGHT"

Chaplin and His Censors . . . *by William Murray*

"WHEN any group of Americans, whether they were in the army or not, starts setting up its own little list of who is acceptable and who is not, and acting as though their judgment ought to be binding on all other Americans, then certain basic principles are being violated." The Very Reverend Francis B. Sayre, Jr., dean of the Episcopal Cathedral in Washington, who can by no stretch of innuendo be linked to communism, was protesting against the "servile brand of patriotism" recently demonstrated by the American Legion in its attempt to prevent showings of the Chaplin film "Limelight."

The Legion's first move was the adoption of a resolution by the national executive committee on October 12, 1952, urging motion-picture exhibitors to withhold presentation of "Limelight" until the Department of Justice could take action on Chaplin's reentry permit into the United States. On October 20, according to James F. O'Neil, director of publications for the Legion, Robert Benjamin and Arthur Krim of United Artists visited his office and told him that they were "stuck" with "Limelight" and had to go ahead with distribution plans. O'Neil replied that the Legion would not only take action against "Limelight" but also "consider the fact that United Artists is the distributor of the film," a thinly veiled threat of future boycott. He noted, he added, that United Artists also distributed "High Noon," implying that the Legion did not approve of that picture either.

As the Legion prepared to act upon its resolution, it acquired a powerful ally in Howard Hughes, board chairman of R.K.O. Radio Pictures Corporation and a principal stockholder in the R.K.O. Theaters Corporation, the theater chain which would exhibit "Limelight." Hughes wrote the Legion's Hollywood Post 43 that although he had no legal control over the theater corporation, he was doing his best to persuade the management to "take the necessary legal measures to cancel all bookings of 'Limelight'."

Soon, wherever the picture was to be shown, organized opposition developed. The pattern of action was simple. As the day for the scheduled showing approached, the local Legion post began to agitate, threatening picketing and a boycott, holding widely publicized press conferences, calling "citizens' rallies," and trying in other ways to intimidate the theater manager. Its campaign was frequently supported by other organizations—the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Amvets, the Catholic War Veterans, the Jewish War Veterans, the Disabled American Veterans, and all sorts of Americanism committees.

The theater manager found himself caught between the ruthless opposition

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of the pressure groups and the indifference of his parent organizations. R.K.O. Theaters Corporation turned its back on its own exhibitors, apparently in accord with the policies of Hughes. Theater Owners of America and the Allied States Association, the two leading exhibitor organizations, adopted a hands-off policy regarding Legion picket lines and refused to protect local theaters.

Brandel

Since the two associations comprise the majority of theaters in the country, a strong stand on their part would have done much to offset local pressure. Instead, they released a pious statement pointing out that the local managers and owners would have "to live with the people to whom they show their films."

A QUICK SURVEY of a few sample cities gives an idea of the effectiveness of the campaign, although it is hard to gauge accurately what the drawing power of "Limelight" would have been under normal conditions. In the New York area "Limelight" opened simultaneously in sixty-seven theaters for a scheduled week's run. There was almost no picketing, but the film was withdrawn in all but a few theaters after the first three days. In Columbus the same thing occurred, and the box office was weak. In Hollywood, after Legion Post 43 sent letters to 200 theater operators and threatened picketing, the scheduled showings were canceled. In Newburgh, New York, a large delegation from the local Legion post called at the theater before the opening, and the film was not presented. In Washington the two local theaters which advertised it were picketed, but a strong editorial campaign by the Washington *Post* did much to rally public support, and "Limelight" played to "good houses." In New Orleans the film was withdrawn after three days in spite of good business and favorable audience response. The local manager said that he had been instructed to withdraw it by the R. K. O. office in New York.

Whenever there was time to organize a defense, the attack was defeated. Unfortunately this was seldom the case. By now "Limelight" in the normal course of events should have been shown in approximately 2,500 theaters throughout the country. On February 15 it had been shown in only about 150. The power of an ignorant and irresponsible censorship has bene demonstrated.

The attack on Chaplin and "Limelight" benefited from the peculiar and very personal animosity of certain public figures toward the comedian. Nowhere is nonconformism so dreaded today as in Hollywood, and Chaplin has long been recognized by Hedda Hopper, Louella Parsons, and other apostles of mediocrity as one of a dying but still dangerous species—the individual with a mind and tastes of his own. The feeling against Chaplin probably dates back to "Monsieur Verdoux," in which he unloaded a good many of his ideas about contemporary society. Whatever the cause, personal or political, the pattern of the attack threatens to become a dangerously familiar one.

The campaign was well planned and faultlessly executed. No objections were offered while the film was still in production. By launching the attack at the last minute its instigators made sure that no support for Chaplin could be organized in time. McCarthy's methods were copied. Chaplin was accused of "pro-communism" and "pro-Communist activities." No proofs or facts of any kind were furnished. A secondary campaign laid emphasis on the comedian's personal life, especially his marriages to women considerably younger than himself. An explanation of the Legion's hostility was offered by Lewis K. Gough, the *tyrannosaurus rex* of the organization, in an interview with the press on February 25. "We fought for our country in three wars," said Mr. Gough, "and since we didn't achieve our objectives, we continue to fight for them now. We are continuing our collective efforts for Americanism and adequate national security." This is a statement of truly magnificent ambiguity. He added, referring to the Chaplin case: "If you carry this thinking to its logical conclusion, you will permit Communists to write books, to paint murals, to infiltrate every branch of educational and cultural life." The implication, of course, is that Chaplin is a Communist, although Mr. Gough did not risk saying so directly.

THE FIGHT against the spreading paralysis of censorship might seem hopeless were it not for the growing public awareness of the nature of the struggle. Newspapers have reported that the letters they received on "Limelight" ran about three to one in favor of at least offering the film. Exhibitors say they had many telephone calls objecting to cancelation of the showings. The Legion was forced to admit that it did not oppose the content of the film but only Chaplin as an individual. Mr. Gough remarked that the individual cannot be disassociated from his work; such a concept of censorship if consistently applied would remove most books from the shelves of our libraries and close most of our theaters.

Even leading business men, who usually prefer to remain opinionless and solvent, have recognized the danger. Gunther Lessing, chairman of the Society of Independent Motion Picture Producers and a member of the executive committee of the Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals, recently attacked pressure-group tactics. Mr. Lessing does not like Chaplin, has no desire to see "Limelight," and is himself a legionnaire, but he is too shrewd a business man not to know that the privileges of free business depend upon the privileges of free men. Richard Powell, president of the Television Writers of America, has urged return to the American tradition of "nothing sacred." "We can do this," he said, "only by smashing excessive censorship from sponsors, agencies, networks, pressure groups, pickets, professional black-listers and blackmailers, witch-hunters, and self-appointed guardians of 'our way of life'."

It must be encouraging to Dean Sayre to know that his is not a still, small voice of protest.

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BOOKS

Fabulous Dialogue

A Review by Thomas Reed Powell

HOLMES-LASKI LETTERS. The Correspondence of Mr. Justice Holmes and Harold J. Laski, 1916-1935. Edited by Mark DeWolfe Howe. Harvard University Press. Two Volumes. $12.50.

IN JULY, 1916, an English lad of twenty-three who had come down from Oxford a few years before, had taught government at McGill for two years, and was then a junior instructor at Harvard was taken by his friend Felix Frankfurter from Cambridge to Beverly Farms for a call on Mr. Justice Holmes, who was more than fifty years his senior. The occasion was a memorable one for both. To Laski's polite note of appreciation the Justice quickly wrote a longer reply, and thus began the correspondence which it takes over 1,400 pages of far from large print to put between covers.

In this wealth of interchange there is not a page that this reader has not found thrilling. The main stuff of most of the letters is books and people. The writers swap views on history, philosophy, political theory, law, and literature in mutual concord and mutual dissent. It is a tribute to the civilized intellectual and emotional endowment of both that the wide differences between them never move to any departure from the high level of intellectual and affectionate regard and respect.

Witness this beginning of a Laski letter in 1927:

> *My dear Justice:* Your letter was indeed a delight; and though I should, I think, deny almost the whole of your economic diagnosis as born of a philosophy contradicted by the whole trend of modern fact and analysis, I enjoyed every word of it. I add that it is at bottom the economics of the soldier who accepts a rough equation between isness and oughtness. I see no validity in such a creed except upon principles I would deny at the stake.

In reply Holmes stood his ground with firmness, as in an earlier letter he had said:

> I haven't quite finished your book. You state the pros and cons fairly—but with an implied sympathy for beliefs that I believe to be noxious humbugs—that grieves me.

These opposing attitudes have long been familiar to all who have read other writings of both Holmes and Laski, and there are many thinkers who will be far from agreeing with either. The divergences should not be overemphasized here, for they do not bulk big in the collection as a whole. They should be mentioned mainly to highlight the fact that it was not kinship of viewpoint that drew the men together but the common sharing of the delight of letting free minds roam widely and deeply over the broadest range of human knowledge and thought. There could be no doubt that each was greatly sharpened by the other and that there was a zest in their thinking and their writing that could not be excited by any solitary enterprise of fashioning essays for an unknown audience.

The reading of both men was amazing. Laski roamed the more widely because he had more leisure and because so much of the reading was part of his job. He helped to compensate Holmes for his absorption in certioraris and conferences and opinions and the consequent denial of prolific personal contacts by filling his letters to the Justice with reports of many interesting conversations and with notices of what seem to be thousands of books old and new. There are at any rate many too many to count. Mr. Howe's superb work of editing has led him to give 40 pages of a Biographical Appendix and an index of 175 pages more. These items of course cover the references from Holmes as well as those from Laski.

Happily, doubtless, for the wider company which can find interest and delight in these rich volumes, it should be said that law and economics are but minor strands in the variegated texture of the correspondence. One may hope for informed reviews from philosophers and literary experts. Indeed, the letters themselves are a rich mine of reviews in these fields, often in a single sentence or brief paragraph. Both men had an instinct for the jugular, to borrow a Holmes phrase. The most learned tomes could be touched off briefly, as could the most learned men. In it all there was little if anything of the lamp.

With Laski all the learning and all the theory and theorizing seemed to be pure spontaneous fun. With Holmes it sometimes seemed that his reading was in part at least the offspring of a puritanical canon of the duty of self-improvement. But there is no doubt that he found Laski's learning and comments a great stimulation. He could hardly have responded so enthusiastically on any other hypothesis.

MORE COMPELLING than confident assertion of the merits of these reciprocating flashes would be copious quotation. Yet the temptation must be resisted as if a habit-forming drug. It would be equally hard to make a choice and hard to stop when once in swing. So instead, here is a suggestion to others which one may hope will bear occasional fruit. An essay and perhaps a book might well be written on each of the major lines of thought that recur with sufficient frequency. Not that the nuggets could be fired in a crucible to make a well-rounded and proportioned pattern or form. Neither Holmes nor Laski was a conventional systematizer, and some of their more fundamental prepossessions offer less in sight and delight than the many sparks struck off in quick passing. Or to change the figure, fragments of fleece on the hedges of time, as Holmes has put it. The fragments here ought not to be left ungathered and unwoven if there are masters of the several arts who could fashion from them a cloth of gold.

So wide is the range compassed by this almost weekly sharing of nearly twenty years that of necessity different readers will find different parts of major interest and delight. None, however, with a fair familiarity with matters of the mind should find much if any of it

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really hard sledding. If such spots are met here and there, the best advice is to have sufficient character to skip or skim for a little—but only for a little, lest a welcome bit be missed. And for any who would refrain from sampling because of hostility to views and causes which are here espoused by one friend or the other, one can only suggest that the deep divergences did not deprive them of serene and thrilling joy in sharing with each other their minds and hearts.

The Unreflecting Warrior

A Review by Edward Crankshaw

AMERICAN-RUSSIAN RELATIONS, 1781-1947. By William Appleton Williams. Rinehart and Company. $5.

EVEN in the heat of war the wise man snatches an occasional breathing space to recall how the war started and to reflect on what it is supposed to be about and how it is likely to end. Action begets action and soon develops a life and character of its own; and the unreflecting warrior finds himself caught up by an avalanche of unexplained cause and unforeseen effect which, if it does not overwhelm him, carries him a long way from where he wants to be, and always downward. Thus, in the so-called cold war we snowball on from day to day, from year to year, rarely asking where we are going, or why, until we find we have lost all flexibility and freedom of maneuver and the power to profit by our own mistakes, to say nothing of the mistakes of others: until, in a word, what should be a subtle and elaborate policy for action has been reduced to the intellectual content of a college yell swollen to the proportions of a national anthem.

This mindless emotionalism which passes for a considered attitude toward Russia, this progressive illiteracy which has done away with the rich vocabulary of negotiation in favor of a solitary swear word, "appeasement," this galloping paralysis of the independent mind may have gone too far to be cured by any means short of atom bombs exploding in our midst. But the least we can do is to try to cure it. And that is why I hail this book about Russo-American relations. Mr. Williams is one of the triers. He tries to get at the roots of our disease by causing the complete history of Russo-American relations to pass before our eyes in one immense sweep. It is a fascinating story.

The early days make aseptic reading. Russia was expanding. So was America. Secretary of State John Quincy Adams could happily confide in the Czar. His idea of the United States was "a nation coextensive with the North American continent, destined by God and nature to be the most populous and most powerful people ever combined under one social compact." In those days Russia saw in the United States a valuable counterpoise to England, and its attitude was the key to American expansion in a northwesterly direction. It was not until the Americans got to Oregon that Petersburg began to feel uneasy. But even then the Russians were quite realistic: "They have taken California, Oregon, and sooner or later they will get Alaska. It is inevitable. It cannot be prevented; and it would be better to yield with good grace and cede the territory." Russia, for its part, expected the United States to smile on the "manifest destiny" of Russia "on the Amur, and further south, even in Korea." It was about then that the New York *Herald* could write about Russia and America as "two young giants, engaged in the same work—that of expansion and progression . . . the interests of both demand that they should go hand in hand in their march to empire."

It looked as though they might. But they met head-on in China. Brooks Adams, who developed a theory of capitalist expansion not unlike Lenin's, with the difference that he was for it, wrote in 1899: "Eastern Asia now appears without much doubt to be the only district likely soon to be able to absorb any great manufactures. . . . Whether we like it or not, we are forced to compete for the seat of international exchanges, or, in other words, for the seat of empire." The competition grew strong, and Russia had to watch much American capital being poured into China, only drawing the line at an American proposal to construct a railway across Manchuria. Even Brooks Adams was fairly well satisfied. In terms which the Bolsheviks some decades later were to make their own he summarized the American achievement: "She has long held South America closed; she is now closing China; and while caging Europeans within their narrow peninsula, she is slowly suffocating them with her surplus." The only real competitor, he believed, was Russia. England was fast becoming an economic vassal of the United States.

DO AMERICANS read their own nineteenth-century history? I don't know. But I do know that the Russians read it. And since they still think of foreign policy in the terms of John Quincy Adams and his later descendant they not unnaturally imagine that the Americans still think like that too.

I have dwelt on these early days because they seem to me supremely important. Mr. Williams gives much more space to what happened after the Revolution, where he is on weaker ground. From 1917 onward American statesmen are hammered for their failure in logic and for the disastrous muddles which have arisen from this failure. Now this, in effect, is an indictment, not of individual statesmen like Wilson and Lansing, but of democracy. Democracy is, and must be, shot through with warm-hearted idealism and can never emulate the cold, calculating self-seeking of autocracy. Its tragedy lies largely in the awful mess that follows from the attempt to blend the interests of power with spontaneous human generosity. It is this that makes the Roosevelts and the Wilsons—and the Eisenhowers. And it always will. Further, if Wilson and Lansing had been as ready to do a deal with Lenin as Stalin was to do a deal with Hitler, there would be nothing to choose between Wilson and Stalin. In my view there is a great deal to choose between them. Stalin was a more im-

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EDWARD CRANKSHAW is a leading British authority on Russia. During the war he spent eighteen months in Moscow with a British military mission and after the war published "Russia and Britain" and "Russia and the Russians." His latest book is "Cracks in the Kremlin Wall."

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pressive animal than Wilson; but, if it comes to that, a Bengal tiger makes them both look shabby. More to the point, the policy of America, as of Britain, since the Revolution has been moved by hope; the policy of the Bolsheviks by the total denial of faith in human nature—or the negation of hope. You can take your choice; but a choice it has to be. Mr. Williams does not acknowledge this. And thus a great part of his book, his criticism of Wilson and Lansing and his championship of Robbins and Thompson, contains much special pleading. He puts the Americans and the Bolsheviks on a level. They were not on a level.

Nevertheless, muddles and idiocies there were in plenty. And the great merit of this account of them is that Mr. Williams shows us American policy as the Bolsheviks, still thinking in terms of Brooks Adams, themselves saw it. And as they see it now. His coda, a more generalized summary of Russo-American relations since 1939, is even better. The Western reaction to Lenin's challenge may have been foolish, vacillating, and misguided, but in broad lines it was inevitable. Where the West went wrong, no doubt, was at a later stage, when it was desirable to ask not only whether Stalin was having second thoughts but also what was the exact nature of those thoughts. Where the West, and above all America, went wrong in particular was in the closing stages of the last war when with skill, resolution, and a sense of reality there was a very real chance—which persisted, I believe, in a modified form until 1947.

In the days of Yalta it was clear what Stalin wanted. He wanted economic assistance on a large scale to rebuild the Soviet Union. He wanted a three-power agreement to regulate the world with particular reference to the security of the Soviet Union. He wanted, as part of this agreement, a recognized division of spheres of influence in Eastern Europe and an arrangement of frontiers calculated to render Germany innocuous and the Soviet Union strong. All these aims were expressly stated. What Stalin would have offered in exchange for a definite agreement on Eastern Europe and long-term credits from America we do not know because we never asked him. Churchill alone attempted a pilot

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agreement granting him a free hand in Rumania and Bulgaria in exchange for a free hand in Greece and an equal share of interest in Yugoslavia.

The story of these years is all too clearly told by Mr. Williams. And any American who thinks that the cold war is wholly and in detail due to Stalin and yet is humble enough to wonder whether America and the West in general can humanly have been 100 per cent right all along should go out of his way to read it. It is the sort of story which, widely known and understood, might start in people a fruitful train of ideas. Or it might not. We are pretty far gone. One cannot help asking whether people who believe that Russia made the Chinese Revolution will ever have ideas again.

New Books in Brief

Cross-Country Highway

U. S. 40. By George R. Stewart. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5. Mr. Stewart, whose specialty is giving literary life to natural phenomena—his "Storm" and "Fire" will be remembered by many readers—here turns his descriptive talents to a great work of man, the highway that in linking Atlantic City to San Francisco presents a true cross-section of the continent. The text of his story of this route, which incorporates a number of famous roads, is lavishly supplemented with photographs. Many of these pictures, all the author's own work, have considerable aesthetic appeal. Their primary purpose, however, is documentary, and each is accompanied by a page or so of interpretation which proves once again Mr. Stewart's eye for significant detail.

"Modern routes," writes Mr. Stewart, "are actually the result of a compromise between the always inescapable facts of geography and the equally inescapable hand of the past." Ably assisted by that prince of cartographers, Erwin Raiz, he does a notable job in showing the interrelation of these two forces.

Man's Choice

WHO SPEAKS FOR MAN. By Norman Cousins. Macmillan. $3.50. Ever since the war Norman Cousins has been taking time off, now and then, from editing the *Saturday Review of Literature* to dart about the globe taking the temperature of human society and prescribing world federation as the only cure for its dangerous aggregation of illnesses. He observed the mushroom cloud at Bikini, the beginnings of reconstruction in Germany, and the air lift in Berlin. He interviewed Nehru, Thyssen, and the survivors of Hiroshima. On an assignment from the State Department to interpret America for the Asians he visited Japan, Korea, Hongkong, and India. In this book he describes his experiences and draws his conclusion, which is that man is now face to face with his ultimate decision —the choice between a world state and world destruction. "The end is the supreme development and release of conscience, manifesting itself not only as a brake on conduct but as a source of majestic inspiration in human affairs—on individual and group. . . . War is an invention of the human mind. The human mind can invent peace with justice." Alas, there are few things more soporific than restatements of high purposes with which everyone agrees, or more frustrating than noble aims which no one knows how to implement.

Parents and Children

DON'T BE AFRAID OF YOUR CHILD. By Hilde Bruch, M.D. Farrar, Straus and Young. $3.75. Dr. Bruch would steer parents away from child-guidance books, particularly those which are rigidly authoritarian toward parents while counseling the most flexible permissiveness toward children. She sees parents as confused and trapped by simplifications and popularizations of the very theories which promise to liberate them. Parent-child relationships are mechanized even in the name of love: natural childbirth, demand feeding, and the rest become tests of motherliness, and the contributions of the psychologists have themselves become escapes from freedom.

Parents beset by impossible standards and artificial demands should be reassured by Dr. Bruch's calm emphasis on independent judgment. Some, while benefiting from her insights, will have reservations. It is at first refreshing but on second thought disquieting to read a book by a psychiatrist which does not take into account the formidable resistances in our society to the modern psychologies and to the innovations they have encouraged in education. These resistances are reinforced, not alone by the cultist excesses which she analyzes so soundly, but by reactionaries who fear psychology for its liberating potentialities, however much they may value it when it serves their interests. Recognition of these obstacles might have reminded her that such terms as "innate capacity" and "poorly gifted" are as loaded as "permissiveness" and "real love," and that surely she begs a big question when she settles for the child's development of "proper inner directives about his place in the world."

Dr. Bruch is right in pointing out that theory is not therapy. Yet some awareness of the implications of the terrible problems of freedom—as seen, for example, in Erich Fromm's "Escape from Freedom" and Erik Erikson's "Childhood and Society"—secures us at least from oversimplification, including Dr. Bruch's assurances that we can "simply" be ourselves.

MacKenzie King

THE INCREDIBLE CANADIAN. By Bruce Hutchison. Longmans, Green. $5. It is easy to understand why this study of MacKenzie King, the Liberal leader who dominated Canadian politics for thirty years, should have caused a furor north of the border. Seeking to explain "the mystery" of his subject—"outwardly the dullest . . . inwardly the most vivid, fascinating, and improbable issue of the Canadian race" the author carries candor almost to the point of cruelty. Yet immoral as King's means often were, Hutchison's final verdict seems to be that they were justified by his achievements in revolutionizing, almost stealthily, Canada's economy and in welding its disparate elements into a nation. Here is meat for controversy best left to Canadians. For readers in the United States the book is valuable for the vivid light it throws on recent

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Canadian history. Hutchison, a former Parliamentary correspondent at Ottawa and now editor of a British Columbia paper, is a keen reporter. Despite a diffuse and somewhat purple style, he held this reviewer's interest to the end.

Student in Peking

OUT OF RED CHINA. By Liu Shaw-tong. Translated by Jack Chia and Henry Walter. Duell, Sloan and Pearce–Little, Brown. $4. Mr. Liu was a student in Peking when the Communists captured the city in 1948. To make a living he joined a Communist training group, became a "people's correspondent," and landed in the Propaganda Ministry, where he managed to forge the passes that enabled him to flee to Hongkong. His political views are those of a naive and self-centered urban youth, convinced that his hatred of communism is an earmark of liberalism. He tells us more about his joyous participation in office intrigue than about land redistribution.

Mr. Liu is now in Formosa, apparently serving as a propagandist. His two-year-old book, Dr. Hu Shih reveals in an enthusiastic preface, has been "somewhat freely embellished" in translation in this country. The product does credit neither to Dr. Hu Shih nor to its publishers.

Theater

Harold Clurman

IN OUR times, many things are big, very few have grandeur. We are more familiar with the complicated than with the complex. We have nerves rather than feelings. Our thinking is minute, tight, microscopic: we are able to write the Gettysburg address on a pinpoint and make a camel pass through a needle's eye, but our lives, thoughts, conceptions lack breadth, sinew, scope. Who paints pictures like Tintoretto? What men look like Rembrandt's? What women like Titian's? Who plans novels like "Les Misérables"? Who can act Shakespeare?

The half-pint will not do. Refinement is not enough. Excess must be the norm. We think of the Shakespearean actor of the past as an inspired monster. Look at the portraits of the older players in Shakespearean roles: they all have something *fabulous* about them—the wildness of Kean's eye, the defiant gruffness of Forrest's bearing, the melancholy in Booth, the painful delicacy of Barrymore's profile. Laurence Olivier's best Shakespearean performances are in minor character parts.

The City Center "Merchant of Venice" was a college-educated stock production. It had practically no direction whatsoever. There were some pretty dresses, a bit of haphazard choreography, intelligible diction, a sympathetic Prince of Morocco in Earle Hyman, and now and again a nice reading. In the midst of all this Luther Adler tried to give us a new, thoughtful, and in certain respects a highly original Shylock.

No one has yet decided exactly what "The Merchant of Venice" is. It was a farcical melodrama at one time, a humanized melodrama at another. It has been called a fairy tale, a tragi-comedy, an actor's vehicle, an anti-Semitic tract, a propaganda piece for tolerance, an Elizabethan potpourri, a bad play, and a masterpiece. It is probably all of these: that is its fascination. But it remains for the director who stages it to determine what it shall be in a particular production.

To me "The Merchant" seems quite clearly a poet's parable on the subject of wealth, justice, and love. Shakespeare's Venice is the city of pleasure and sensual romance founded on mercantile prosperity. The well-to-do wallow in luxury which verges on corruption. Their morality is Christian in name only. Shylock is the poisoned conscience of Venice. It depends on his services and despises him for it, as he in turn despises it for its hypocrisy. Venice spits on its own face by spitting on Shylock's. Shylock destroys himself by responding to the offense against him in terms of the city's own logic. Shylock's desire for revenge—all his arguments to justify his position—are part of a mercantile error: it takes no account of mercy or love. Shakespeare tells us in "The Merchant of Venice" that Shylock and his tormentors are opposite sides of the same counterfeit coin—the law, order, and justice of the ordinary world, a traffic in trade, wealth, enjoyment without love.

Luther Adler has tried to set a rational interpretation of Shylock's character within this pattern. His Shylock is a youngish Renaissance merchant —on the stage of the City Center he seemed the only Italian rather than the only "Jew." He is vigorous, shrewd, offended (rather than aggrieved), ironical, logical, and bitter with the conscious bitterness of a suppressed radical. He sheds few tears: he eschews pathos. He brings Antonio to trial to prove a point—that he (Shylock) will be defeated in the end even though "right" is on his side. There is a certain savage

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triumph in his defeat: Shylock has confirmed his own pessimism and his scorn. He knows for all time now that no one can expect honesty and goodness from the fawning tradesmen of falsely Christian faith.

This Shylock holds the attention. The actor is constantly making a point. He is plastically interesting, and he has real dramatic motivation throughout. There are splendid moments: for example, his anguished cry of "I am content" which reveals the knowledge that he can never win over the cruelty of the vested interests against him. Yet our sympathy is not won; Shylock's resentment does not stir us. We are not touched, exalted, or even—as in the case of the malevolent Shylocks of the past—repelled or horrified by him.

Adler's Shylock has vividness and power but insufficient depth. It is well conceived but emotionally thin. It is impelled by the actor's mind and will, not nourished by his emotions. It is somehow impersonal, lacking in warmth and mystery. It is small. This Shylock loves no one, and though he is vibrantly angry, also does not hate. He seems guilty of nothing—so he cannot suffer. And without suffering Shylock is nothing. For though Shylock must not be guilty in the meaning given to the term by his paltry accusers, he is guilty of a hate as sinful as the vileness that provoked it. The suffering which gave rise to and is the consequence of Shylock's sin is what redeems him for us.

Luther Adler is one of the very few actors among us who could even essay such a part as Shylock. The limitation of his effort here is part of the whole problem of the contemporary theater. To do Shakespeare on the heroic level one has to reach beyond the measure of the naturalistic, the sensible, the explicit. There must be a kind of metaphysical passion, a reaching inward, outward, upward, beyond the pale of the proved and the defined to music, to poetry, and to the suprapersonal—to that realm of imagination which is beyond formal explanation. But for that one has to have genius—or a director, a production idea, a Theater to prepare and aid in the quest.

Records

B. H. Haggin

ONE further observation on American radio music. Commenting last week on John Crosby's opinion that the thing to do was to eliminate not the American commercial system but its faults, I expressed my doubt that the system would correct the faults it was responsible for in network broadcasting of music—that a system which had exploited the advertising values of big-name performers would present chamber music. But what about "Omnibus," which represents the position that since commercial radio and television are here to stay the best way to use the Ford Foundation millions is for better programs within the framework of commercial radio and television? That's the way it would seem to the ex-network people at the Ford Foundation; but others might wonder whether the millions *are* best used for the amount of improvement possible within the framework of commercial radio and television—which is to say, for programs only as much better as commercial radio and television can be expected to sponsor. Maybe in time this will be very much better; but the music other than televised opera so far has been considerably worse. Consider that the public to which "Omnibus" addresses itself has for twenty-five years been hearing the New York Philharmonic and other orchestras in the standard repertory and occasionally in contemporary works by Stravinsky, Bartok, Berg, and Schönberg, by Copland and other Americans. And consider that to this public "Omnibus" has offered not just Ravel's "Mother Goose" but (*The Nation*, January 17) Helen Hayes in "a reading of Ravel's 'Mother Goose'"; not Musorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" but, according to the newspaper report I read, Stokowski talking about a few of the pictures and playing only the passages related to them.

I said last week that the improvements in the situation are occurring *outside* of the framework of commercial radio. And they, it seems to me, are what foundation millions should be devoted to.

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HANDEL'S Sonatas Opus 1 for solo instrument and figured bass include six for violin, of which the best-known No. 13 in D is one of his finest works, No. 15 in E also is outstanding, and only No. 5 is uninteresting. Campoli's tone isn't compact and clear, but his phrasing is unaffected; and George Malcolm provides effective realizations of the bass on a lovely-sounding harpsichord (London).

Of the three Mozart sonatas recorded by Schneider and Kirkpatrick (Columbia) K.305 and 376 aren't interesting, but K.526 is one of the finest of the entire series, with a wonderful slow movement between its brilliant allegros. There can be some argument for the use of the harpsichord in the early K.305, but none for its use in the later works; and an argument against it is the brutal clatter produced by Kirkpatrick in these performances.

I like Mozart's Quartet K.493 for piano and strings better than the more familiar K.478; and while the performances by Curzon and members of the Amadeus Quartet (London) are good, they offer nothing like the wonderfully alive string playing by Schneider, Katims, and Miller in the performance of K.478 by the New York Quartet (Columbia), which is heard also in Beethoven's inconsequential Quartet Opus 16 on the reverse side.

A minor work of Mozart, his Divertimento K.247 for horns and strings, is played very beautifully by members of the Vienna Octet (London).

Boccherini's Quartet Opus 6 No. 1, with a lovely slow movement between its engaging allegros, is given a competent performance by the Quartetto della Scala (Urania); but one hears nothing like the extraordinary string playing and subtle phrasing of the Quartetto Italiano performance. On the same record are an inconsequential Sonata a tre by Giardini and a piece by Puccini.

Listening to the string quartet version of Haydn's "The Seven Last Words of the Savior on the Cross" again after a number of years I have been aware this time of the matured style of his writing in these seven slow movements, and the effect it has in the Schneider Quartet's powerfully phrased performance (Haydn Society). That the writing nevertheless again doesn't interest me is difficult to account for; all I can do is report the fact.

Something I have never been able to understand—whenever I have heard any of the music—is the Busoni cult; and the latest occasion to wonder at the intense devotion is a recording of the Sonata Opus 36A for piano and violin by Edward Weiss and Richard Burgin (Circle: Composers Workshop). The work, to my ears, is elaborately dull; Burgin's tone isn't always agreeable.

CORRECTION: The Kreisler recording of Mozart's Violin Concerto K.218 on the Victor Treasury LP that I reviewed two weeks ago is not, as I had thought, the one listed as HMV DB-815/8 in the 1936 Gramophone Shop Encyclopedia, but the one listed as DB-3734/6 in the 1942 Encyclopedia, and was first issued not in the mid-twenties but in the late thirties.

Art Notes

CHARLES HEIDENREICH's second one-man show in the United States is devoted exclusively to paintings in which broad masses of harmonized color are used to interpret figures, city streets, and still lifes.—*Salpeter to March 28.*

JULIO DE DIEGO has returned from Europe with impressions of Pompeian and Florentine scenes. He has incorporated his memories in a series of brightly colored fantastic canvases that people present-day Italian settings with figures from the past.—*Heller to March 31.*

THURLOE CONOLLY, Irish artist, is showing here for the second time. His paintings stem from Klee and primitive sources and in low-keyed colors recall decorative-art motifs and his own Irish landscape.—*Willard to March 28.*

MICHEL RAFAELLI, young French artist, shows drawings and lithographs of figures and still lifes rendered in crisp and rhythmic crayon strokes and printed in both black and white and in color. —*Wittenborn-Schultz to March 28.*

JOSEPH JESWALD includes in his second show semi-abstract paintings and drawings of the nude.—*A. F. I. to April 1.*

HENRY MITCHELL, winner of a Fulbright scholarship to Italy, presents a number of realistic sculptures. His subjects are taken from people caught in their daily work and treated in a pictorial and tense manner.—*Kraushaar to March 28.*

ALLEN WOLF. Paintings depicting with sympathy and warmth the teeming life of New York's lower East Side, with its tenements, push carts, and human figures.—*Barzansky to March 30.*

VLADIMIR NAIDITCH, a follower of the French "objective" school, shows an ingratiating series of landscapes, interiors, portraits, and nudes done in bright warm colors.—*Chapellier to March 27.*

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Letters

The "New Look": Some Like It . . .

Dear Sirs: I thought you'd like to know how much I admire the new format of the, I hope, perennial *Nation*. It is easier on the eyes and pleasanter to the touch. Good luck!

New York GEORGE W. JOEL

Dear Sirs: The "new look" is a substantial improvement, in my opinion. The cover is more attractive, and the "Around the U.S.A." page is brightened up. The back of the book also has greater visual appeal.

Los Angeles PHIL KERBY

Dear Sirs: I think the "new look" is a great improvement, much handsomer and much more legible. An improvement long overdue.

York, Pa. WALT PARTYMILLER

Dear Sirs: Congratulations on the new format! It is a handsome and workmanlike job. . . . The only thing I don't like is the mixture of type styles in the captions and the titles of books in the short reviews. . . . The cover is a knockout, and newsstand sales should reflect the magazine's enormously heightened appeal.

New York BETTY HULING

. . . But Some Don't

Dear Sirs: I am sorry to register my vigorous disapproval of the new style of cover. . . . It seems to me characterless, insipid, and thoroughly unattractive. I have long been and still am a warm admirer of *The Nation*. I do not like to see it take a step backward.

GARDNER LATTIMER

Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Sirs: Your new format is terrible. Time was, we could fold the two-column page down the middle, and read each column in peace and comfort. Now we have to fold the paper twice to read the middle column. . . . I am glad that you at least kept your editorial columns two to the page. . . .

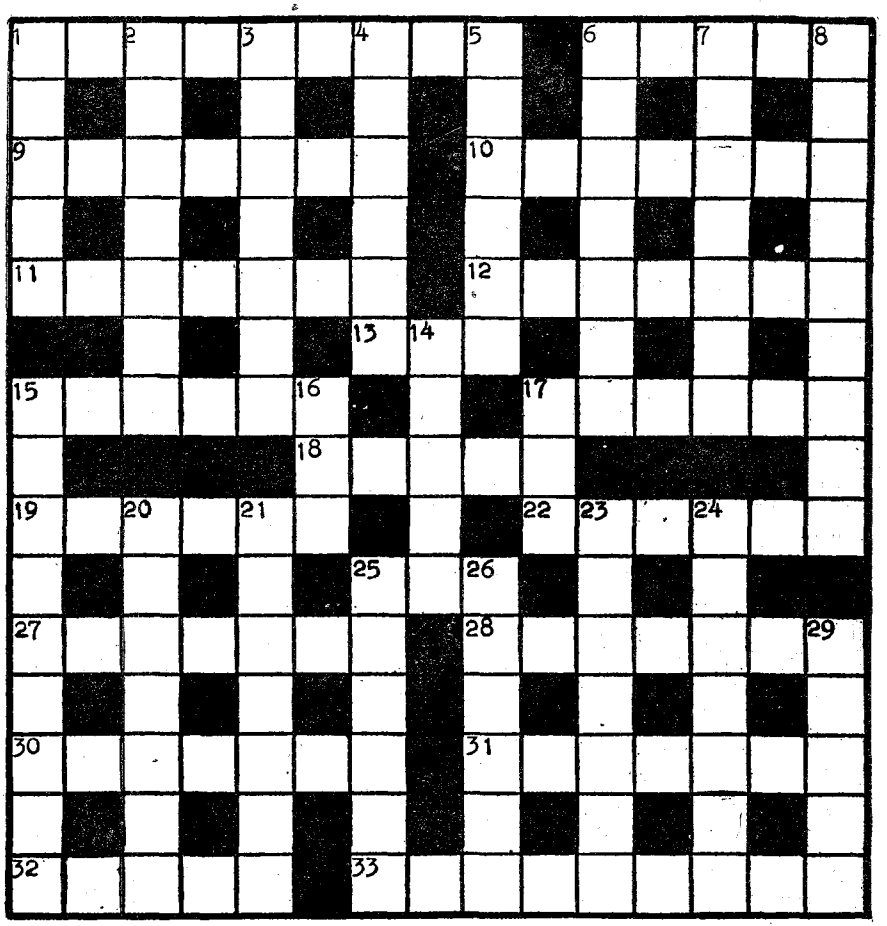
SOLON DE LEON

Long Island City, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: The "old" *Nation* represented typographical order, national tradition, and readability. I can hardly read this "new" magazine. Examine any of your pages by the yardstick of good

Crossword Puzzle No. 508

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 There's a certain amount of truth in the way I'm so sharp. (9)
6 See 6 down.
9 The sad state of British economy in the thirties? (7)
10 Take pains to make the mail gay. (7)
11 Bright but extravagant talk about getting the help back? (7)
12 In one's cups, perhaps, at an afternoon dance? (7)
13, 24 down and 32. What we want to do in good world leadership. (3, 7, 5)
15 See 6 down.
17 Proving at least one woman is a member of the bar. (6)
18 We were once told to remember what is mainly according to the fashion.
19 You're more likely to be destitute traveling on them than in them. (6)
22 See 16 down.
25 Notice a sphere would make them gather on the surface. (3)
27 Pokes fun at that which is no longer desired. (7)
28 A saint sat here. (7)
30 Sort of shook the head with a final admonition to be quiet. (7)
31 See 6 down.
32 See 13 across.
33 Useful if you can imply a builder unsettles your nerves. (5, 4)

DOWN

1 Zeal sounds more difficult without aspiration. (5)
2 Leigh Hunt said the maid-servant, the sailor, and the schoolboy enjoy one beyond all the rest of the world.
3 Implying stop the music? (7)
4 Bad in bowling, good at the fountain and the bar. (6)
5 You might make it seem like a race.
6, 31 across, 6 across, and 15 across. Questioning the language of uncivilized but fleet maidens? (4, 3, 3, 4, 5, 6)
7 Richmond is only part of what Grant takes! (7)
8 Certainly not a long speech, nor a very important one. (5, 4)
14 This animal shows spirit on a British penny. (5)
15 By implication the television picture's still good, and acts like a private counter. (6, 3)
16 and 22 across Indigestion? (It's more or less outlawed among the civilized.) (3, 6)
17 Around the trunk it might be live, but not around the neck. (3)
20 If this bird gets on, so could you.
21 What our predecessors, perhaps, called Tommies. (7)
23 Immediately after that, it's not here.
24 See 13 across.
25 Roger, as a tutor, has Mac all upset.
26 Conditions typified by the head of 7. (6)
29 Heights obtained by the conclusion of 14 and 6 across. (5)

• ❋ •

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 507

ACROSS:—1 INSCRIBING; 6 GLIB; 10 SCARVES; 11 SCOURED; 12 SUPEREMINENTLY; 14 EVASIONS; 15 GEMINI; 16 CATHER; 18 SEABOARD; 22 FOUR-LEAF CLOVER; 24 TEL AVIV; 25 CANASTA; 26 RODS; 27 KIND HEARTS.

DOWN:—1 INSISTENCE; 2 SCARPIA; 3 RIVERSIDE DRIVE; 4 BEST MAN; 5 NOSING; 7 LORELEI; 8 BADE; 9 COUNTERBALANCE; 13 WINDBREAKS; 17 TROLLED; 19 EFFACED; 20 ADVISOR; 21 NERVII; 23 STAR.

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printing composition and you will see how vapid throwing around of type defeats the advantages of a good cover. As it stands today, the format is amateurish in the worst sense of the word. . . . Advance cannot be achieved by flouting the past but requires careful modification of . . . traditions.

Philadelphia MAURICE SCHNEPS

The Editors Reply

Thanks to all our readers who wrote —pro or con. And thanks particularly to those who took the trouble to submit their own suggested lay-outs. As to the conclusions to be drawn, there don't seem to be any except that the appreciation of typography, like that of any other art, is a highly subjective matter. Letters run about fifty-fifty. One thing we should like to emphasize: our "new look" was planned by two of the leading designers in New York.—EDITORS THE NATION.

Where Credit Belongs

Dear Sirs: I was rather dismayed to find a startling error in an editorial paragraph on the Rosenberg case published in your issue of February 28. The paragraph states that "Judge Kaufman stayed execution again pending another appeal to the Supreme Court by defense counsel. . . ." You must know of course that the contrary is the fact, for Judge Kaufman refused any stay whatever and set the date for execution for the week of March 9. It was Judge Learned Hand —in all fairness to this good and wise man—who overruled Kaufman and did grant a stay until March 30 so that the appeal might reach the Supreme Court.

Hollywood, Cal. JOHN WEXLEY

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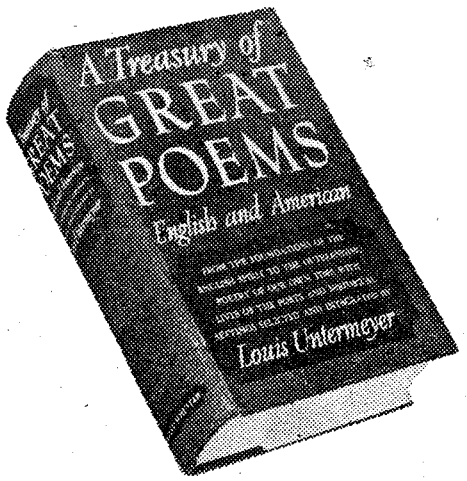

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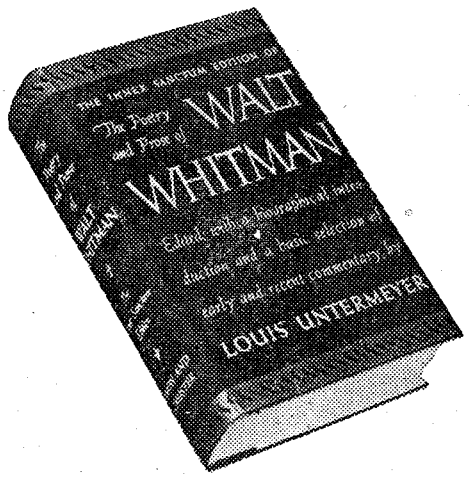

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